

## Stephen

## Steeleye Span

Stephen was a stable groom  
He watered five foals all and some  
Ere the morning star was risen  
Nor daylight to be seen

He saw a star was fair and bright  
Over Bedl'em standing  
Of a truth the Prophet now is born  
That all the world shall ransom

He leads the foals from water  
By that star so gleaming  
And he is gone into the hall  
Where Herod sat amusing

There is a child in Bedl'em born  
And He is better than we all  
Herod answered thus to Him  
I'll not believe your story

I'll not believe your story, boy  
Till the ragged bird that is on the board  
Claps his wings and crows my Lord  
In truth it is his birthday

Now Herod sat and he did wait  
The bird came together on the plate  
Feathered was he never so fair  
As he flew up on the red gold chair

He clapped his wings and he crew so fair  
My Lord this is his birthday  
And Herod down from his kingly seat  
In grief has fell a swooning

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